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It was illustrated also; it succumbed seven years earlier than its more fortunate rival and died aged twenty years.

I should weary if I were to write of all the attempts made during the last fifty years to establish illustrated magazines. It sounds a good deal like an Old Testament genealogy. The debris of their wrecks lies strewn on the second-hand bookstalls—and as space will not permit me to describe the illustrated newspapers, nor name them in their order, I must here claim some latitude. The *New York Mirror*, 1830, had some very excellent work by the steel engravers, not the least of which in quality was the beautiful vignette which adorns its frontispiece, and which I believe to have been the first steel engraving to appear in any American book. It also published some good sketchy wood-cut portraits by Mason, and in 1837 the finest wood-engraving made in the country up to that time and for many years afterward. It was drawn by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by Adams. I pass the *American Magazine*, 1833 (the unfortunate title again), Boston, and some others, and in passing mention *Graham's*, Putnam, and with its beautiful portraits by Hall, and Appleton's *Art Journal*. *Harper's Magazine* was first published in 1850, with some excellent illustrations.

Sutton's *Aldine* was a new departure, raised in character from an advertising sheet to an Art Journal in 1867. The engravers Bogart, J. P. Lewis, T. Cole, Annin, Morse, and many excellent artists, some of them painters of reputation, did much to raise wood-engraving in the public esteem. In 1871 Roswell Smith, Dr. Holland, and Charles Scribner published the first number of *Scribner's Monthly*, which is now the *Century*. W. LEWIS FRASER.

SOME COSTLY FANS.

THERE are comparatively few fan collections owned in this country. With European collectors of antiques, these painted relics of the luxurious tastes that prevailed under the monarchy in France have long been favored subjects, but in America the fad is of comparatively recent date, and the few collections that are owned are small, although some of the best specimens in existence are owned by American collectors.

The finest collection of fans in Europe belongs to the Baroness James de Rothschild. The next most famous are those of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who has over 800 fans of all periods and styles; and the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is constantly adding to her treasures. Other noted collections are those of the Princess de Sagan, the Duchesse de Noailles, and the Duc d'Aumale.

Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Dr. J. D. Emmet can display resplendent Vernis Martin fans; fans with carved pearl sticks, inlaid with gold; fans with ivory sticks, inlaid with cameos and emeralds; fans with tortoise-shell sticks damascened with silver; mourning fans, wedding fans, war fans, and fans which belonged to illustrious queens.

In this country Mrs. Peter Marie possesses the most valuable lot of these fluttering trifles; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's collection ranks second. She has some painted by Leloir and Vibert.

One of the costliest fans in the world is Mrs. Howard Gould's, one of her engagement presents from her husband. Its price is said to be \$100,000. Its sticks are of perfectly matched ivory, and the mount is studded with turquoise and diamonds. When folded it is not as long as your hand, and only half as broad as your palm.

The handsomest feather fan on record is that owned by the Countess of Lonsdale; it consists of five wide, white feathers, the largest twenty inches; the amber handle has her ladyship's monogram in diamonds. The bauble cost \$1,500. Of all her beautiful fans, the Empress Augusta Victoria values most the one made of the feathers of a bird shot by her royal husband.

An ivory-stick fan riveted with diamonds, with a Maltese lace mount and much gold thread, is one of Queen Victoria's fans. It won the prize at a fan exhibition given in London, and at the close of the show it was presented to Her Majesty. It was made by a society with a formidable name—The Worshipful Company of Fan-makers.

Mrs. McKinley has a costly fan which formerly belonged to the wife of a Spanish hidalgo; it was given to her by an American citizen, who two years ago spent some time in a Cuban prison. He selected the wife of the President of the United States to whom to make the valuable gift, because of the debt of gratitude he felt he owed for the efforts made for his release from prison.

A court lady of Munich has a collection of fans painted with scenes from all of Wagner's operas, and one on which are the signatures of all the diplomats who attended some famous congress held at Berlin. Countess Oriola has the most valuable autograph fan in the world; it has the autographs of all the royal family and the Berlin court, including those of Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. A fan was

painted to commemorate the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, and is of great historic interest. It belongs to Miss Furniss of New York.

Mme. Pompadour had a wonderful fan. The lace mount cost \$30,400, and it took several years to make the five sections, each one containing a medallion in miniature, which are so minute as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. It is now in existence, broken and apart, but still shows traces of its great beauty. In Mrs. Langtry's fan room, designed for her by Oscar Wilde, the greater number of fans are Dutch. The finest one of Christine Nilsson's collection of fans was given to her by the Thakora Sahib of Morri, and is made of gold, gems, and feathers. Another one is covered with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. One presented to her by the city of Venice is of silver filigree and point lace. One of the choice bits of this collection, which is valued at \$50,000, is said to be the fan which Marie Antoinette had with her in prison, and which she carried to the scaffold. X.

THE following from the *Boston Transcript* should be considered by the members of our Art Commission, who might well take the initiative, so that our own Augean stables of dolorous monuments might be swept out:

MR. BROOKS'S STATUE OF COLONEL CASS.

All's well that ends well; and the little granite statue of Colonel Thomas Cass retires from the Public Garden with a certain degree of respect following it, since its genesis, vicissitudes, and undue notoriety have not only made a new and noble Cass monument possible, but have resulted in an innovation which may be of far-reaching importance in regard to the policy of the city with reference to its public monuments. For the first time an unsatisfactory monument is taken away, and is replaced by a satisfactory one. Every one concerned is pleased, and the public is well satisfied. There have been other instances of the removal of monuments, but, except in this case, the rejected memorials have not been replaced by better substitutes. It is a valuable feature of the precedent now established that the principle of substitution, giving a *quid pro quo*, becomes fundamental. The new policy is to be positive, not negative, and for every ounce of bronze and stone taken away from the public it will give back a pound of art. Let the good work go on. There are several rival candidates among the monuments of Boston for the next honorable discharge.

It was a proud moment for the sculptor when the new Cass statue was lowered into its place on the pedestal, Thursday afternoon. Those who stood in the Public Garden saw a figure which, to every eye, unsophisticated or otherwise, made instant appeal as a genuine and manly work. The artist has had the fine instinct to adopt the pose of Mr. Kelly's original statue—the folded arms, the erect carriage, the waiting and calm gaze of the soldier, who knows how to obey as well as to command—and we realize that, with all its defects, the Cass that was was admirably conceived. But here we have a heroic figure in every sense of the term; military to its fingertips, full of cool courage, buoyant, and balanced. The type is Celtic, and quite of the stormy period of 1862. That was a type which had a conspicuous and honorable place in McClellan's army, and which, in the bloody seven days' fighting from Gaines's Mills down to Malvern Hill, more than once distinguished itself and confirmed the good reputation of the Irish as soldiers. It is more than that; it is a type of the regimental commander of the old Army of the Potomac. It recalls to mind many a beloved colonel of that unsurpassed army. Cass's old comrades can not in candor commend the likeness as literally truthful; but the figure has this greater merit than likeness, the merit of being a historic type, animated by the spirit of all the Casses who ever served in the grand old army, so that one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years hence, it will be said: Such were the heroes of the Army of the Potomac, who fell in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862.

There is little to add to the emphatic verdict pronounced by Mr. Brooks's first teacher, Truman H. Bartlett, respecting the technical superiority of the work, which was so promptly recognized by the French jury of artists. It is admirable for its honesty of design and of workmanship; and, as Mr. Bartlett well said, it is particularly admirable for its human quality. The groups of men standing near the monument on Thursday afternoon recognized this quality with astonishing promptitude. The writer overheard several groups commenting on the statue. The remarks were for the most part singularly sensible, acute, and apt. The realism of the figure, its naturalness, its dignity, struck every observer at once. Eyes lighted up at sight of it. There was no disposition to be flippant, jocular, or sarcastic at the expense of the statue. Two men in uniforms of conductors of the